

RvB: Carolina's New Roommate

by Aria Soul

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Summary: Whenever she's on leave, Carolina is usually alone in her apartment. She tells herself she prefers it that way, until a certain tan freelancer shows up. I don't know where I'm going with this.

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**\*\*A/N:\*\*** \*\*Just a little bit of fluff to get you guys by until the next Chapter of RM is finished. Really has no other point other than to set up another York/Lina fanfic of mine.\*\*

**\*\*Carolina's New Roommate\*\***

Carolina may have been the best at Freelancer, but that didn't mean she didn't appreciate leave. Although she did continue training almost every day, she liked taking a break once in a while. She didn't feel as pressured without all the other Freelancers around. She could just relax at home and read, not a care in the universe.

Until one night when Agent New York showed up at her door step with a pillow and a gym bag crammed with his few possessions.

Carolina blinked in confusion as she leaned against her door frame. "Hello York." She greeted. York smiled nervously, "Oh, hey 'Lina! Strange meeting you here at um-" "At my apartment?" she raised an eyebrow. "Oh yeah, so I guess it's not really that strange." He acknowledged, scuffling his feet.

"York, you realize its three a.m. right? What are you doing here?" she inquired as she crossed her arms. That smile was back, and he let out a nervous chuckle. "I was just in the area and I thought..." he dropped his gaze and sighed. "Alright. My land lord kicked me out." He admitted. "Can I stay here?"

"What did you do?" Carolina asked with exasperation. "Someone reported that I had been picking the lock on the snack machine in the

middle of the night and stealing food. Can you believe that? I mean, yeah okay I \_was,\_ but only because I was bored. I don't see why he had to get all pissy about it." He muttered begrudgingly.

Carolina barely suppressed a smile. York was capable of amazing things when he was bored. How predictable that he would get thrown out for it. York's face flushed as he rocked back and forth on his heels. "Anyways, I don't have anywhere to stay tonight, so I was wondering if I could crash at your place until I can find a new apartment." He looked up at her with a hopeful grin.

Had it been anyone else, such as Wyoming or Maine, she would have quickly refused. She might have helped them find a hotel, depending on who it was, but there was no way she was letting someone from the Project into a place so personal.

But this was York, he wasn't intrusive or competitive, he was the closest thing she had to a friend, and well, \_god damn that smile\_.

"Alright. Just for a few days." She relented, moving aside to let him step in. "And you better pay part of the rent!" she called as he flopped on the couch. "Thanks 'Lina. I owe you." He yawned.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, and York never found another apartment. Carolina's tidy home soon became scattered with various lock picks or comic books, the latches on her drawers or cupboards swiftly rendered useless. She didn't really mind. She would occasionally berate him for making such a mess, but the truth was, she enjoyed his company.

Sometimes they would stay up late and just talk about everything. Carolina would tell him about her five older brothers and York would account for all the times the cops had chased him down for breaking and entering when he was in high school. He would complain about some assholes at the bar and she would confide in him all the worries she had about the team.

None of the other Freelancers knew about their arrangement. It was their secret, their \_home\_. \_It was where they spent mornings bickering about who was going shopping and where they spent their evenings warming their hands with cups of coffee as they recounted the events of the day.

And at night, after Carolina fell asleep on the couch while they watched TV, York would pick her up and carry her to bed, tuck her in, and press his lips against her forehead before leaving her to rest.

Because she was Carolina, and he always had her back.

End  
file.